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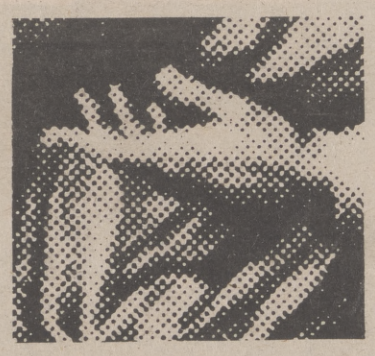

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ANIMAL KINGDOM SUPPLEMENT

STORMS OF YOUTH 3

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STORMS OF YOUTH OPINION POLL

ASSASSINATION
IS IT A SOLUTION ?

- *BEST OPINION WINS A COPY OF THE SITUATIONIST INTERNATIONAL ANTHOLOGY*
- *Results to be published in issue 4. All opinions must be in by April 20.*
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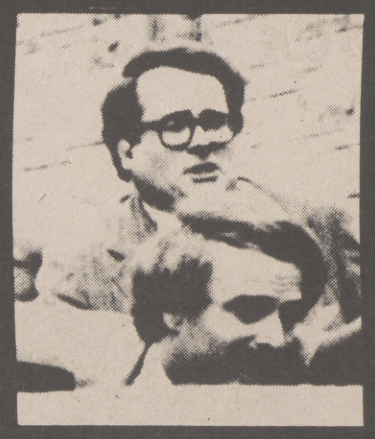

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ANIMAL KINGDOM SUPPLEMENT

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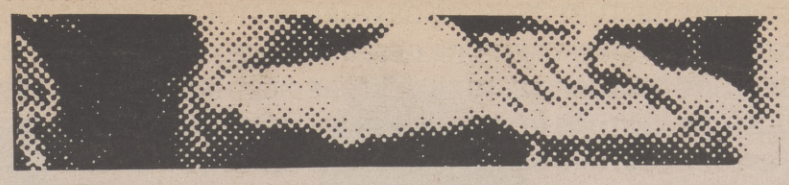


the masses are pawns.

CONTROL THE MEDIA.

bombing banks is a waste of time. the media knows how to react to that.

Artists should be criticized, insulted, assaulted constantly until they are no longer useful THEN ABANDON THEM

sensationalism is a weapon

pornography is a weapon

ANY INEXPLICABLE ELEMENT introduced into the media is desirable. IT MUST BE ABANDONED THE MOMENT IT IS LABELED

Punks Are The Court Jesters Of The Ruling Class

ALL HISTORY IS FICTION

BECOME LITERATE.

PRIMITIVES GET POISON GAS

WORK HARD

STAY AHEAD OF THE GAME

Life in the animal kingdom

Panic in the animal kingdom

Fear in the animal kingdom

Preening in the animal kingdom

Hiding in the animal kingdom

Who Took The Expression Out Of ABSTRACT EXPRESSIONISM?!

D LOEB

Scared in the animal kingdom.

At first, enter, pick delirium, gaieness.
Pale face, no make up, no clothes,
no hair, no manners
Preening in the animal kingdom
make up, gentle body, affectionate manner, gentle
smile, loving attitude, peaceful mind, happy state.
all muscles feel good, clothes drape, fingers fondle,
nipples feel radiate to arms, back stomach thighs
ankles feet toes arches eyes.

hiding in the animal kingdom
panic the other animals leave the burrough.
they find their coats lick their coats eat to
prepare go to play
panic the other thing's scratching the
dirt walls to go nowhere and accidentally
scratch a hole in the wall through the wall so
there is a leak.
animal puts himself to bed, no more scratching.
animal flies
panic the other animals left to play.
a belt around the waist
he tries to control himself
one animal left, different species,
this animal chases flies.
belted animal tries to stay belted catches flies,
this species animal wants to call another
animal of his species

photo: Lorenzo Martinelli

CONCRESABLE YOU

(a photo essay)

There are some who make their time full by looking and then recording. This is a very fullness as the time and place of things become concrete and solid: a vision permanente. Then there is no fear. When a place becomes truly a place it becomes concrete. Time and experience/ soft and fluid bodies both become thick and consistent, later they become solid and hard. Compounded they are a mass formed by concretion, a spontaneous union of separate particles into one body. (concrete holds together and makes real)

VISION PERMANENTE

There are some who make their time full by looking and then recording. This is a very fullness. The reality of an image, the placeness of an experience once recorded dispels fear. I was here, he was there. This did happen, there were three men sitting next to those three pillars. Truth always becomes the document.

THE IMMIGRANTS' LAMENT

The photographer's car is in the shop so he is walking to his darkroom. The air is hot and there is no wind. He is marching and singing as he goes : left left left right left left wife and forty-eight kids on the brink of starvation and went to war, tell me my friends was I right right left right left right..... oh, shit— stepped in something, what's this? Wet concrete. There it is, a clear foot print. He moves to the curb to scrape the mess off his fine Italian shoe. Finds a stick and then looks quick. So he writes:

CAN'T YOU WON'T YOU DO
SOMETHING JUST SOMETHING
I CAN RECORD IN THIS WET CEMENT WITH THIS STICK? IMMUNE
TO ACTIONS WE PERFORM NOW
THERE ARE ANTI BODIES NOW
WE WE ARE ADJUSTED NOW I
WANT YOU PHOTO ETCHED BURNING HOT ONTO THE SENSITIVE UNDERSIDES OF MY EYELIDS NOW
THE CONCURRENCE OF POSSIBILITIES NOW THE CONFIGURATION
OF EVENTS NOW ARE EXHAUSTED
NOW NOTHING FEELS REAL NOW
I WANT TOUR PHOTO ETCHED
BURNINGHOT IMAGE SCRATCHED
WITH THIS STICK ON THE SENSITIVE UNDERSIDES OF MY EYELIDS NOW

Then he takes a picture.

CONCRETE AS IN THREE MEN IS A CONCRETE STATEMENT
(while the number three is not)

A place is truly a place when it is concrete. Concrete is a dry substance made of sand, gravel and cement. Water is the catalyst. To cover or to build with concrete is to make real. Take an emotion and put it in a box. Pour slowly while steadily stirring the concrete over the emotion. Once solid it will be perceived and understood. The senses will feel it/ the heart will love it/ it will become three men. Real and real and real again.
(the actuality of an image once recorded dispels fear)

IN THE DARKROOM

As a child the photographer had blackouts and fits of stuttering. The pain in the back of his head was a most intense sensation. His family worried that he had a brain tumor. They took him to a doctor who in turn sent him to an eye specialist who took picture of the inside of his eye. It was discovered that the pain was only migraines and he was told that they would pass as he grew older, but the headaches came consistently throughout his life.

CARVING LIGHT / FROM A SOLID BLOCK / THE LIGHT NO LIGHT THE SIGHT NO SIGHT A PINHOLE NEVER QUITE SEEN THROUGH/ THE CONCRETE NOT QUITE SETTLED YET/ THE PASSAGE NEVER BRIGHT ENOUGH TO SHOW THE MARKINGS ETCHED DEEP ON THE WALL OR THE WIRES TANGLES THERE/ HE WONDERED HOW HE EVER SAW AT ALL.

Describing a migraine to a friend he begins to stutter. "It's, it's like, it's as if a part of you were not there, i can't see your face, well i can see parts of it, but but there's a part i can't see, the left side, the left side is blank, not black or dark but a blank white, just absent. the pain is on the left side too, low in the head and constant, no not sharp in the temples, but a deep and frequent throb. i often miss things too, like if i want to put a cup on the table sometimes i miss the table and break the cup on the floor. sometimes the headaches frighten me they are so there, you know, and sometimes i am really frightened because sometimes they are the only thing i can be sure of and i like them. No, don't laugh, really."

AND CONCRESIBLE, TOO
(capable of growing together or changing or being changed from a liquid to a solid state: he wonders if he is.)

He is with a woman that he hardly knows. He doesn't even know if he wants to know her better. They are both drunk and she has made it clear to him that yes, she will sleep with him this night. That's just fine with him, but he still wants to let her know that he is special, and so he pulls out a huge stack of photographs onto the bed. He doesn't expect much, he thinks that she will probably just glance at them, and that's that, so he looks at her ass as she flips through them. Wait a minute, he notices she has begun to catagorise them(and he had pulled out a stack of nearly one hundred and thirty pics) into groups of like images. Holy shit, he looks around the room and there are little piles everywhere. And she is laughing. So he laughs too. Later, after she has demanded a copy of a photograph of three men sitting next to three pillars in Venice, Italy, later while they are making love, he cries.

MY SEDIMENTS, EXACTLY

A concurrence is a point where three lines meet, a happening together in time and space, the conjuncture of lines, planes and surfaces. Yes, to put together one must take apart. So take a picture. Take a picture of the inside of your eye. You will find that it is yellow, like the yolk of an egg and that it has a concurrence of veins both red and blue wrapped around each other. Take this picture of the inside of your eye and cover it with concrete. You now have a vision permanente.

Sabina Ott
2. 82

wants to play but the animal plays wildly.
this species animal loses more belts
almost his tail falls off.
scratching his head more and more till he
gets an aching bloody patch. no doesn't belt
the scratching, stays belted though
panic the other animals left
belt 1, you can't scratch- doesn't work,
still scratches.
belt 2, you can't catch flies- different species with
with with less belts then you want to lose.
belt 3, you can't call animal of same species,
you'll lose big belt.

animal joins animal of other species
laughs at fly scratches head
animal of other species can't join this animal.
wants preening
animal losing belts
cunt swolen nipples angry
muscles wretched
body scratching itself
belts figured gone, no belts
animal lets beltless body
scratching itself go home
body belts to bed
belt one: feed yourself
drink glass of ice water
belt two: belt body to bed.

GAY KITSCH by Joseph Lanz

"Gay Kitsch" is now a redundant label. No longer the hub of aesthetic innovation, the gay world has inverted Oscar Wilde's notion of life imitating art by making everyday banality larger than life for the sake of mass appeal. Splattering its image over countless magazines, films, greeting cards, garments, novels and advertisements, gay life has become a claustrophobic repertoire of stilted mannerisms. Subjugating artistic expression for cheap sentimentality and false grandeur, gays can now show that they are as normal and boring as everyone else.

Discouraging any ironic or critical outlook, kitsch promotes a melancholy longing for (what appear to be) the unaffected rituals of the "normal world", enticing gays to perform obedient minuets for the sacred cows of work, family, church and patriarchy. The results, embarrassing beyond belief, only lead to a self-conscious quest for spontaneity: an absurd paradox with endless ramifications.

Kitsch keeps gays complacent with its deluge of plastic objects and entertainments. Examples ranging from night club acts to cooking utensils, reveal how "gayness" is packaged as a flashy tourist attraction complete with massage parlors, beauty pageants, dance marathons and saloons decorated in the latest Western motif. For those squeamish about travel, there are plenty of indoor sports such as gay murder mysteries, horoscope guides, lesbian tarot cards, coloring books and even parlor games allowing couples to fantasize a weekend of pleasure in Key West. For the serious minded, there are stories, essays and art anthologies stressing a gay "sensibility" rooted in the ancient past. Celebrity buffs enjoy biographical playing cards, calendars and T-shirts sprawled with the names of great gay figures. All of these pseudo-relics win gays a place in the vapid consumer wasteland and attest to the fact that gays are gaining acceptance fatefully entails selling out.

THE PAST RECYCLED

When Baron Wilhelm Von Gloedon used turn of the century camera innovations to photograph Sicilian boys in classical garb, he left a legacy for modern day panderers out to market the concept of gay roots. Gays, who were never allowed to snuggle under the wing of shopworn folklore, suddenly find themselves the only ones left with the burden of its maintenance. Ironically freeing themselves from antiquated strictures only to become slaves to precedent, gays resurrect a mythological wax museum promoting cut-rate glamour by transposing antiquity onto modern objects. Manufacturers spin out images of Roman warriors, antediluvial amazons, mythagogic deities and earth mothers with Alexander theGreat and Sappho lording over the satyrs and nymphs. Novelists often write of homoeroticsm amid the Polypennesian War, the Babylonian bloodshed and events leading to the fall of Rome. Wallace Hamilton's *David at Olivet* (dealing with King David and his love affair with Jonathan, the son of Saul) and Mary Renault's *The Last of the Wine* (delving into the relationship between Alexias and Lysis during an ancient civil war) are perfect examples of reprocessed history sprinkled with sexual titillation.

Lesbians are also represented in a romanticized past with fantasies of life under primordial matriarchies and muliebrity ruled by cosmic cycles. Anne Kent Bush's *Moon, Moon* (conjuring up primeval feminist folklore and even including a photo of painter Leonor Fini in her full length moon goddess costume) and several books linking lesbian love to pagan fertility rituals and witchcraft inadvertently trivialize lesbian concerns by dragging them into a plastic anthropology.

"Revised" translations of Catullus and Rimbaud may emphasize genital imagery as lurid illustrators try to maintain a platonic ideal of soul over skin. Men, while pretending they are Ganymede being buggered on the battlefield by Zeus, also injoy the Roman Catholic torture weapons of the Middle Ages, paying homage to their father confessors with an array of execution masks, enemas and pin-studded cock rings, replacing sexual repression with repressive sex.

URCHINS AND THE GOLDEN AGE

The mythical aura surrounding "little boys" is kitsch's most tragic feature. Determined to convert stereotypical notions into facts, kitsch hammers the idea that older gay men can only resort to pederasty. This notion is linked to Sir Richard Burton's *The Sotadic Zone*, a tract (originally written as part of his *Arabian Nights*) which ascribes the love of young boys as a geographical phenomenon spanning from the Mediterranean, Africa, parts of Asia, Egypt and into the Americas. Burton's details of Persian, Orphic and Bacchic rites, along with his exhaustive foray into the history of pederastic terms, provides a flowery model for the present day man/boy love advocate.

Pier Paolo Pasolini (himself murdered by an adolescint thug he tried to proposition) perfected his obsession for young flesh in the film *Salo* when actors aggrandized their sexual prowess by strapping on fake penises. Pasolini's death— a high point in kitsch— epitomizes the masochistic surrender of all intellect and artistry to some subliterate, rosy cheeked cherub standing in a wheat field with a plate full of corn. In *The Soft Machine*, William Burroughs repeatedly describes young boys penetrating each other. Trying to pawn his characters off as a vestige of innocence in a world of technological corruption, Burroughs connects impulsive youth with purity and even criminal actions are sometimes presented as a form of justified violence.

Of course, who can question the values of Socrates (the first among pedophiles) or the tenets of Platonism when criticizing cosmetic ads promoting wrinkle-reducing cremes to make older men compete with the objects of their lust. Such a yearning for boyish innocence is a death wish whose power is proven by other great gay fatalaties as Ramon Navarro's encounter with a giant dildo rammed into him by adventurous lads and Tennessee Williams' "Sebastian" in *Suddenly Last Summer* who is eaten alive by a pack of hungry Arabs.

INFLATABLE GENDERS

Stripping culture to its most banal accoutrements, kitsch reduces Native Americans to the teepee and gays to sex. Sculptures, paintings and photographs such as the collections in Judy Chicago's *The Dinner Party* (with its series of vaginal portraits) and Roy Dean's *The Naked Image* (featuring nude males posing beside phallic monuments) are among the more blatant in their genitalia fixation. Sperm, Like sugar, cocaine and heroin, takes its place among addictive white evils with cock schlock of all shapes, sizes and colors: penis pipes, penis lollipops, penis swizzle-sticks, penis salt and pepper shakers and even pendants indicating penis size. Gay pornokitsch thrives on advocating male supremacy in its obeisance to the contours of the male body. *Meat*, a best selling tabloid chronicling the visual, tactile and olfactory delights of man-on-man encounters, reveals the current preoccupation with literature which is didactic and overindulgent.

Kitsch touts the homosexual's freedom from procreation by cultivating gender solely as a cosmetic property. Without breeder obligations, gays must work hard to justify their upkeep of the Tarzan/Jane model by accentuating sexual functions. This explains the hysterical concern for the body and its inner workings found in gay health and sex manuals. Kitsch imbues guilt into the gay psyche by triggering a neurotic compulsion for vigor and cleanliness. While men are supposed to stick to skin preserving lotions, hair restorers, muscle developers and other ablution aids, women are expected to stay unkempt and brood over their agricultural, athletic and orgasmic capabilities. Men, indoctrinated with the Fenimore Cooper spirit of adventure at an early age, are happy just to wear a costume tailored for Daniel Boone, but women are actually forced to live out masculine nightmares of taming the wilderness, backpacking and partaking in rugged rural life.

To be gay and liberated now means having the freedom to tour Hollywood ghost towns full of bronco busters, mountain climbers and militia men. Ads geared at gay males have all the narcissism and patriotic bathos of World War II recruiting posters, not to mention Nazi propaganda celebrating Germany's power through the loins of virile Teutons. Although it is impossible to bring back the days of ingenuous Vikings, kitsch makes up for its failed necromancy through taxidermy, stuffing a still life replica with bulging biceps under burly vestments. The Uranian Hall of Fame is sworming with cowboys, soldiers, hunters, and polo-shirted sportsmen creating a gay demand for bubblegum trading cards.

GAY WEDDING CAKE

With kitsch, all permutations of gay marriage safely conform to the husband and wife paradigm; only the roles are reversed: the women being serious and the men trivial. Women are aggressively tackling the business world while men stay home to develop the giddy charms necessary for snaring a husband. Gay love novels such as Gordon Merrick's *Forth Into Light* and Vincent Varga's *Gaywyck* bring homoeroticism into comic book and pseudo-gothic romance. Michael Jays' *Gay Love Signs* asserts that gay habits of aping mom and dad are determined by cosmological forces beyond our control. The book provides a map of pre-determined likes and dislikes and defines a relationship's success with each partner's position in the zodiac. Other tabloids on gay bonding exploit the sadomasochistic peg/hole symbiosis of connubial life with such titles as *Sextool* and *My Brother, My Slave*. To christen their nuptial bonds, gay couples can fill their hope chests with lambda monogrammed stationary, glassware, handkerchiefs, aprons, slave/master towels and grease resistant fuck mats. Pseudo-Norman Rockwell greeting cards depict couples in a number of cosy situations: stroking the pet dog, washing the car or looking onto an American flag in the dis-

belt three: belt to rest
uncontrolled belt: wake up
belt one: clean yourself
belt two: find belts
scratching sore spot
lose the belt that stops the scratching
drink ice water
scratch
Stay belted!
panic in the animal kingdom
animals on the street
in the sun playing in the wind
this animal stays belted
belted once, happy a belted bit
paleface
no preen
no body unbelted scratching itself uncontrollably
no hiding in animal kingdom
no panic in animal kingdom
Panic in animal kingdom
the other animals of this species licked themselves
went out to play
the other wild animal of this species did not help
this animal lose belts
Stayed belted
no wall scratching
no uncontrollable head scratching
no joining the other species and catching flies
belted wind belted belted windows
this animal belted.

tance. Such graphics gave all the patriotic allure of J.C. Leyendecker ads of the '30s and '40s in their use of nattily dressed men to endorse the war effort and get consumers to swallow the bromides protecting motherland and apple pie.

With gay romance comes the family-centered work ethic encouraging gays to lead manic career pursuits, keep low profiles of the job while rising to the top and take credit for a disproportionate share of urban renewal by cleaning up the squalid neighborhoods they move into. One can picture a futuristic gay enclave featuring rows of monolithic condos, convenient shopping malls, and quiche parlors with high tech speakers piping out Brunch Baroque. "Can Gays Save New York City?" a Christopher Street cover asks while exhibiting two men in scrubbed up, Tom Sawyer demeanor begging for parental approval. Sticking to its apotheosis of contrived spontaneity, kitsch packages work as an opportunity for self abandonment with sexy, "natural" looking construction worker/mechanic types. Lulled by the Horatio Alger rags to riches saga, gays are transformed into present day apologists for Adam Smith

"Discouraging any ironic or critical outlook, kitsch promotes a melancholy longing for (what appear to be) the unaffected rituals of the "normal world", enticing gays to perform obedient minuets for the sacred cows of work, family, church, and patriarchy."

and Ayn Rand. Some gay novels involving success are grossly fanatical about using as much forensic jargon as possible. Patricia Nell Warren's *The Front Runner* juxtaposes the sexual relations of her two main characters with technical descriptions of a track race. Ensan Case's *Wingmen* (another feeble stab at gay patriotism involving two World War II Hellcat fighters battling the Japanese) is drenched with the code language of radio pilots planning their next military maneuver. Case's novel also connects work with sex when the characters regard their love-making in the same way they handle their fighter planes refering to themselves as "Banger" whenever they relay a message.

The almost pathological concern for work (especially careers involving masculine assertion) boils down to a desperate belief in sympathetic magic— the assumption that if one employs the mannerisms, the substance behind them will soon follow and that gays will enter the cultural mainstream by putting their shoulders to the wheel and rubbing elbows with the common man. To make this arduous task more bearable, accent must be placed on weekend hedonism. Amly nitrate and ethyl chloride, current drugs used to numb the imagination rather than enhance it, help gays to go headlong into their degrading occupational and recreational hazards without having second thoughts.

THE JOKE DRAGS

Drag was once the gay person's way of laughing at the constricting sex roles which the straight world took seriously. Flourishing among the late 19th Century "Decadents", cross dressing filled the European music halls and later invaded swanky nightclubs as artistic circles sought to deal creatively with gender pidgeonholes. This spirit was destroyed, however, when drag's sarcastic message was taken literally and gays faithfully mimicked a barrage of gestures intended only for burlesque.

Now drag actually encourages audiences to suspend disbelief and imagine they are seeing the real thing and no not just a lip-sync. Obsessed with death, drag resuscitates Judy Garland and Marilyn Monroe from the crypt with heavy make-up, polyester wigs and haggard, neurotic mannerisms. The artistic freedom drag once provided is now merely stifled by the oppressive entrapments women have been struggling to free themselves from. Instead of shedding light on the ephemeral nature of role-playing, drag ends up by just giving tips to real women on how to look prettier.

Stressing its morbid fascination with artificial feminity, drag enables male patrons and their makeshift wenches to sit together in dank cabarets and wail torch songs about their exile from the cruel macho world. While lesbians get vicarious jollies thinking they are dirty oldmen sticking dollar bills in the stripper's cleavage; male fans, despite the studied boyishness of clone attire, cannot help projecting the bitchy, flustered inner self they are taught is intrinsic to all gay personalities. In fact, the bluejeaned, moustachioed patrons look diminutive next to the exotic, towering empress as she mouths the lines to some scratchy Eydie Gourmet tune and perfects the chintzy ideal the males secretly aspire to.

While determining Amy Vanderbilt placesettings for gender identity, drag also provides the dubious comforts of a holiday at home with a night of song and dance sufficing for carols by the fire and a glittering stage lit up like a Christmastree. Of course, many drag afficionados will point out the historical importance of their trade, referring to medieval folk ceremonies and pagan rites of passage where men donned ladies' wear, but all one has to do is to look at the cheap Saturnalia of today's Mardi Gras to know that such attempts to glorify are in vain. Like all innovations that attempt to be outlandish, drag only becomes a form of protocol once the shock value dies: it has all the daring of an ad in *Women's Wear Daily*.

The sustained efforts a drag queen takes in looking authentic (hormone shots, cosmetic surgery, silicone injections and studied gestures) make the trade seem challenging, a lofty goal worth aspiring toward, a shot in the arm for the cosmetic industry which survives by keeping women in the arms of Madame Tussauds. Essentially, people go to drag shows for reinforcement, not entertainment. Though audiences joke with performers, they actually assume that what struts along the proscenium should also haunt the street, the offices and the home.

THE EVER CIRCLING BASTARD ANGEL

Though kitsch usually revels in antiquated forms, it also plagues the gay world with images of the eternal rebel who scoffs at tradition. The angry pariah legend— more pardonable because it is something gays have been forced to assume— is an equally marketable crock guaranteeing a mythical place in the future instead of the past.

The problem originates in the hackneyed concept of the "decadent" which has been a mantle of opprobrium constantly weighing gay people down. The moralists cite homosexuality as a sign of cultural decline and the homosexuals retort by wearing the badge of degradation with spiteful pride. Bastard angel gays espouse the philosophies of moral decay and arrogantly think of so-called "decadence" as a sign of advancement. Of course, the label "decadent" is just a convenient term promulgated by conservative diehards who need something to blame for the growing disenchantment with Judeo-Christian values. Homophobic scorn, in turn, breeds a wistful, romantic vision of rebellion where radical gays eventually view themselves as some advanced genetic mutation bringing Dionysian bliss to replace puritanical atrophy.

Among the most far fetched examples is William Burroughs' *Cities Of The Red Night*— a novel that combines Robinson Crusoe and science fiction, taking readers across barren deserts and tropical islands as anti-heroes enjoy pagan sacrifices, violent sex orgies and ejaculations as they finally dangle from nooses. Larry Mitchell's *The Faggots and Their Friends Between Revolutions* deals with tribes of "faggots"and "fairies" uniting with women to fight the patriarchical order. John Rechy, master of Hollywood hustler heroism, portrays street urchins of his novels as some harbinger of a future time when "all is permitted". Quentin Crisp, who tries to modernize the 19th Century fop can only reflect upon his past humiliation and wear his scars as an emblem of bravery and determination, viewing his effeminacy with a mixture of vanity and sham The willingness to shock couches a desire to be accepted a bitterness which comes out at the most inconvenient times and only ruins the maverick's credibility.

No matter how far the gay world ventures away from the norm, it always recoils from the spooky infinite horizons and stumbles back to the easy realm of pasteboard personae. Though an affront to the society which always excluded them, the bastard angel complex only supplies the straight world with another valuable weapon— a negative role model.

A sad conclusion is now reached: Even the attempt to point out gay kitsch is kitsch since it nurtures the cliche that homosexuals should be cultural leaders too lofty to condescend to the common man's weaknesses. This holier than thou attitude is equally suspect and is suited only to the hidebound aesthete. Kitsch actually owes part of its existence to "aestheticism"— that proverbial gay trap extolling "effect" at the expense of content. Though aesthetes originally intended to personify "good taste" by dumping old, tired dogmas, their example could only be distorted once all the inspiration dried out and only the decor was left. After all, the great gay novel is nothing but a hollow castle full of bombastic corridors which tarnish once the reader finally encounters the grimy stud waiting at the end of the hall.

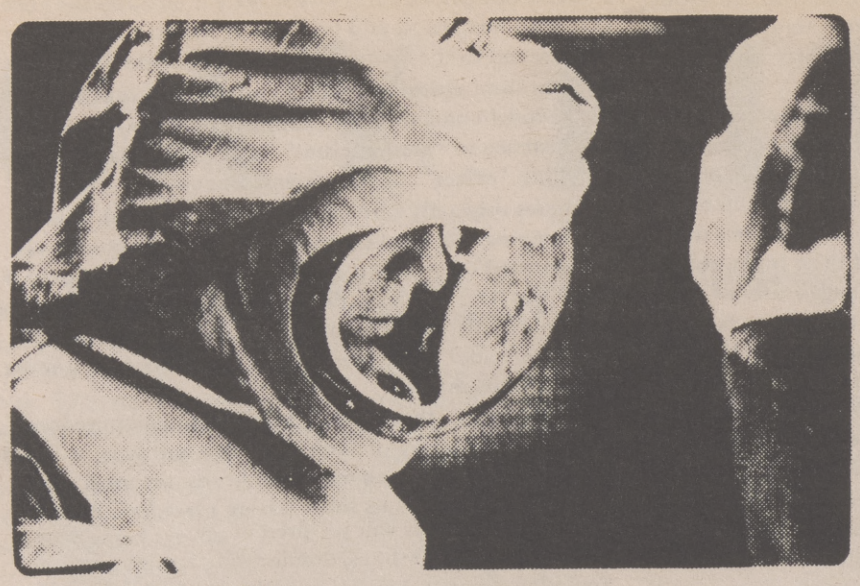
As long as there is mass production and boredom, there will be no way of avoiding kitsch and gays, with so many pressures hanging over their heads, are most prone to take advantage of its short lasting pleasures. Perhaps one day, more gays will get tired of always being associated with fallen Empires, domineering mothers, genetic foul play, fascism, biblical apocalypses, and exotic tropical diiseases. But as things presently stand, kitsch is an incentive for gays to ascend the social ladder. While straights keep them at the bottom, gays who conform will ostracize those who do not fit any prescribed mold. Perhaps kitsch is the best opiate for those having to deal with a relentlessly hostile world. Out of necessity, many gays now feel compelled to adulate something as insignificant as sexual orientation in order to neutralize a history of discrimination. The pressures of an anti-gay climate finally force gays to develop a reverse-pettiness.

After enduring decades of name-calling, blackmail and lynchings, gays have suddenly won the ultimate door-prize; a rodeo show packed with immaculate cowboys and Wranglerettes disco-tapping along an endless expanse of vinyl turf. As the identity struggle nears its end, the image of homosexuals at the artistic vanguard is the only stereotype gay liberation has managed to shatter.

Stay belted
animal lives in burrough.
belted in preening animal kingdom
preening.
preening belted animal sniffs animal of same species
shy, goes with belts to play, in night
on hills, playing with the water of the beach.
play animal of same species is wild
goes to preening now scared animals belted burrough.
wild animal belted in wild tries to drink belted animals preen
this animal of this species loses preen in fear, fear in the animal kingdom
preen belted away bad belt. Wild animal of this species
does not see scared belts wants preen wants preen. belted animal
thinks wild animal lost his bllts but sees wild animal is apparently
well belted. Scared animal of this species hides preen, fear in the animal kingdom

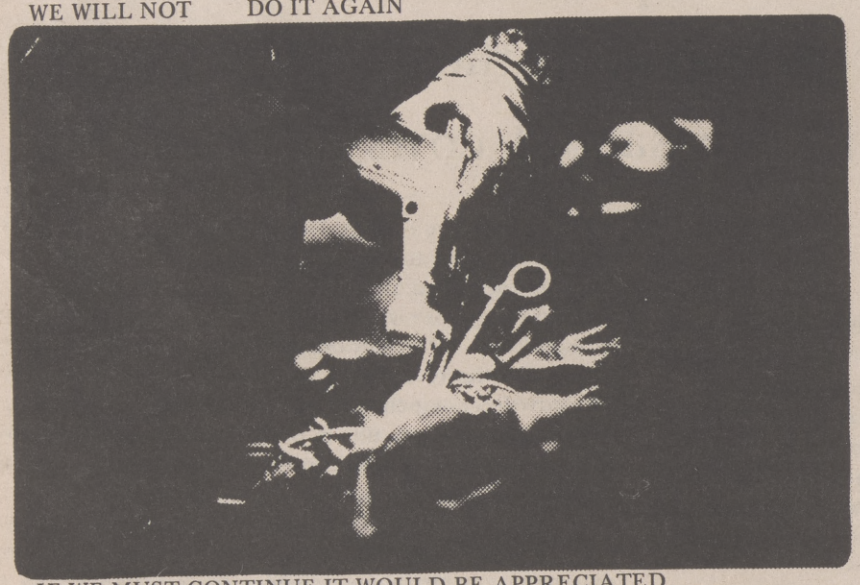
"SLAVES OF SELF" . . . or i don't wanna see your guts or hear your lame story

by KID MAL V.



WATER IN THE FACE
TALK TALK DISCIPLINE
IF IT IS NOT PERFECT
WE WILL NOT DO IT AGAIN

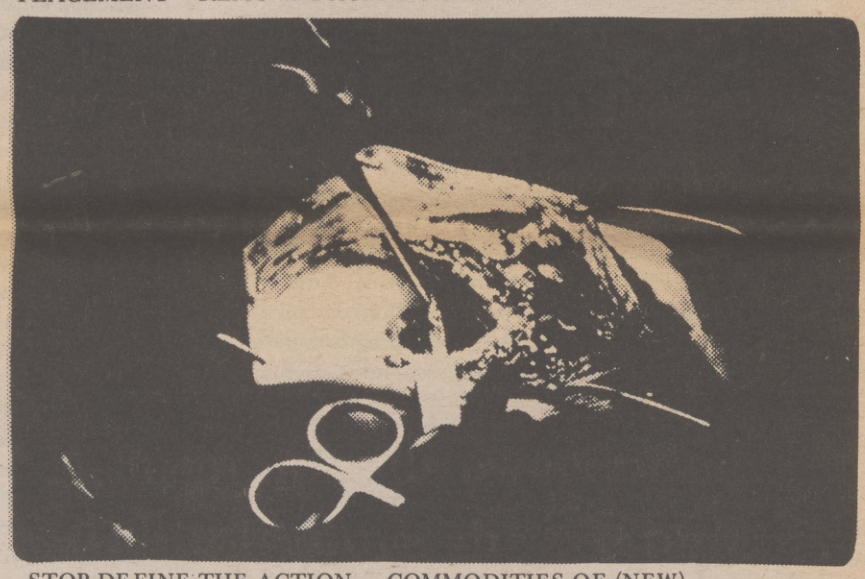
YOU'RE ALWAYS ON MY BACK
RELAX, HAVE FUN
SEE WHERE THAT GOT YOU
LAUGH, KA MONDO GOT YOU?



IF WE MUST CONTINUE IT WOULD BE APPRECIATED
CONTROL CONTROL OBSERVE CONTROL
THE MESS YOU'VE MADE DOESN'T HELP ANYONE

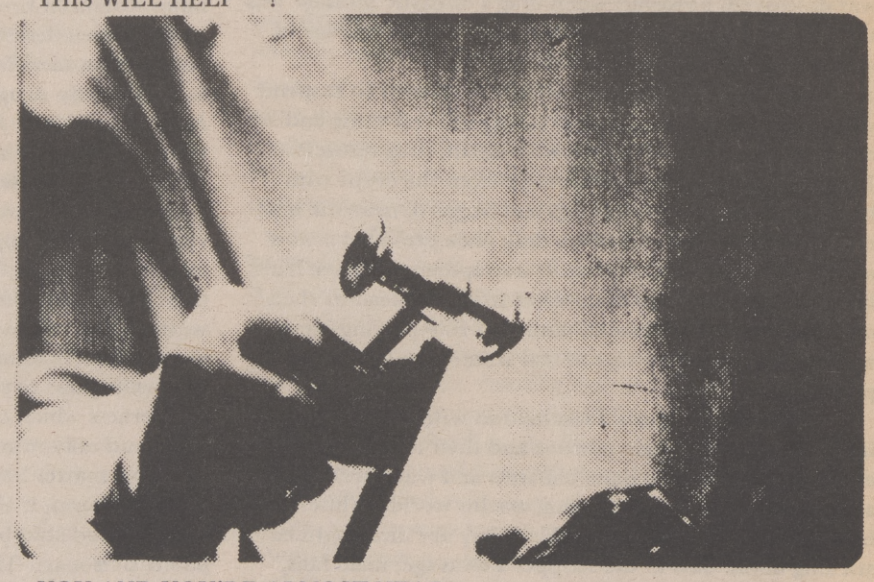
INFECTION DEVICES CRITICAL APPLICATION
I REFUSE TO INSIST (IGNORE) THE OBVIOUS
PLACEMENT – REMOVE FROM INSIDE – DISPLACE STRESS

MOVE AGAIN STOP SUBSEQUENT LEVELS
ACCEPTANCE REFER – REFERRAL BACK TOO . . . STILL
MOTION OF PROGRESS WATERWHEELS ARE LESS INVOLVED
OR RATHER COMPLACENT WORK



STOP DEFINE THE ACTION COMMODITIES OF (NEW)
BLOOD EXCHANGE HAMMERS OF CERTAIN SIZE FIX IT
I'M RATHER CURIOUS WHAT MAKES YOU THINK
THIS WILL HELP ?

WHERE IS THE SUBSTANCE OF POSITIVE RESULTS?
YOU AND SENSATIONS OF PERSON(AL)
CLARITY



YOU AND YOU'RE ALMOST NEAR
I WOULD LIKE TO REITERATE
JUST HOW FAR

makes belt. sends wild animal away.
Animal of this species forgets wild animal. can't forget his apparently wild belts. cunt swolen. this animal forgets hidden preen. Finds preen. finds belts. without preen plays with wild animal. counts his belts. animal of this species migrates, returns to burrough and finds ome of its belts moved. belted animal sad, mourns gone belts. sees wild animal. wild animal is gentle, belts in preen, belted animal preens, they play. belted animal cunt swollen. wild animal gentle. belted animal sees wild animal's gentle wild belts. wild animal playing with belted preening animal. Wild animal wants burrough with belted animal. wants much preen wants to preen together. fear in the animal kingdom. belted animal scared of losing belted wounded burrough, gentle preening burrough. belted animal scratches..

FANDANGO

NEW SCIENCE FICTION BY PHENO BARBIDOL

The Boy was standing in the darkest corner of the room watching the couples dance. In one hand he held a small, plastic reproduction of the Six Million Dollar Man. In the other hand he held a can of beer. Neither hand was free to touch the woman who came waltzing up to him in the dark. She was beautiful and her hair was on fire. Suddenly the Boy was jerked out of the trance he had gotten himself into watching the couples move around the dance floor. He had to consider which of two possible actions he could take in response to the fact that the women's hair was blazing in front of him. It was like a tourch, lighting the spot where the two of them stood, eyeball to eyeball, sizing each other up.

The Boy had two options: first, he could toss the toy into the flaming mass of tresses and thrill as he watched it crackle and melt, or, he could douse her with his can of beer. The second option was not nearly as exciting as the first. What to do?

Then there was the problem of the other dancing couples, who were either leading or dragging each other around the room. (The Boy was having difficulty determining precisely what it was the couples were doing) So far none of them had noticed the Boy's dilemma. But what if any of them looked up from their frenzied activity? What then? The Boy was frequently blamed for things which were noneof his doing. Things of this nature befell him repeatedly,and he didn't know why. Now he knew he had to act fast. Yes, he knew that much. Sometimes he was accused of being slow, almost dull-witted. But tonight he knew, as the woman stood burning before him, that deliberate, definitive action was mandatory.

The Boy paused for a moment to gather his thoughts. After some consideration of the subject, he decided that a cool, relaxed approach was his best bet in light of the situation.

The woman's fiery halo make it possible for the Boy to see her face. He studied it with the calmness of a man examining mannequins in a shop window. Her face was round. She was dark-eyed. And her lips were as red as the tiny scarlet belt on the Six Million Dollar Man. Not bad, the Boy said, taking a slug from his can of beer. He let his eyes wander down the rest of the woman's body. She was wearing a sequin blouse which shimmered in the light caused by the fire on her head. She resembled a Fourth of July sparkler.

As he perused the woman, the Boy thought that perhaps her hips were a bit too wide; her waist too thick. But her breasts were lovely and he imagined how nice it would be to lie on a beach somewhere (maybe Hawaii) and nuzzle his head in her bosom. He smiled to himself. The thought of warm sand and swaying palms renewed his spirit and gave him courage. He drank some more beer.

The woman was telling him a story. She was mouthing the words slowly. She seemed impervious to the fact that her hair was on fire. This broad needs help, the Boy told himself amusedly. Why, she doesn't even realize what's happening to her.

As the Boy stood drinking and sinking farther into the reality of the catastrophe he was witnessing, he came increasingly alarmed. More alarmed than he had ever been before in his life . He was alarmed, but the woman just stood there telling a long, dreary story about bizarre Indian mating rituals.

The Boy opened his mouth to order her to be quiet, to warn her about her hair, but the words wouldn't come out. Oh, fine, he thought disgustedly, now in addition to everything else I've gone mute!

Suddenly the hand holding the Six Million Dollar Man began to tremble. And then the doll began expanding and growing. In a matter of seconds it was six feet tall. Its eyes glowing like the woman's hair. Its biceps were the largest the Boy had ever seen. It had broad, strong shoulders and a shock of sun bleached hair adorned its head.

The Boy realized that this was a Man of Steel. A Man not to be tampered with. The Man grabbed the beer from the Boy and tossed the liquid on the woman's hair. The fire died. The corner of the roomwhere the Boy stood was dark once more.

The woman turned and walked toward the other side of the room, talking softly to herself as she glided in among the dancers.

The Man and the Boy stood looking at each other silently. The Man offered the can to the Boy, telling him that he thought there might be one big belt left. The Boy took it gratefully and began to drink.

belted animal makes belts. belted animal hides preen belts, takes them out,
with preen tells wild animal doesn't want his preen. scared of preening in
same burrough. scared belted animal, loves preens. mourning
animal of this species tells wild animal sees wild animal's gentle preens wild belts
belted animal of this species lets wild animal move into gentle burrough.
Belts go, lose belts cunt swolen, preen gone, belts gone cunt swolen preens gone
scratches puts himself to bed, eats panic in the animal kingdom
mourns lost preen belts. finds them. Belted animal plays with wild animal
in gentle burrough. gentle burrough wild burrough, wild belts in gentle preen
burrough. Scared of wild burrough. makes preen belts loses them. hiding
in animal kingdom.

VOWELS: Gradually descending jaw+tongue position from the top of these series.

FRONT VOWELS
i sheep
ɪ pit
e vacation
ɛ met
æ pat

CENTRAL VOWELS
ɜ third
ə above
ʌ up

BACK VOWELS
u Food
ʊ brook
o float(oh w/ no dipthong, open Italian "O".)
ɔ adore(oh followed by "r")
ɔ law
a lamb(nearly identical to pat")
ɑ body, father(ah)

GLIDES(transitional sounds-dipthongs.)
aʊ, au cow

GLIDES, cont.
ɪu, ju you
oʊ mow(basic English oh)
ɔɪ, aɪ boy, oil
eɪ ate, day(long a)

SEMI-VOWELS
w window
ʍ which(includes aspirant h)
l let, ball(initial+final types of l)
r red
h hello
j yes, yoyo

INTERNATIONAL PHONETIC ALPHABET

by Ted Jouflas

CONSONANTS

Voiced sounds made w/ vocal cords closed or opening and closing rapidly.

ORAL CONTINUANTS (continuant fricatives, voiced, unvoiced or voiceless.)

v very
f fruit
ð then(
θ thin
z zone
s case
ʒ vision (voiced)
ʃ sheep

NASAL CONTINUANTS

m map
n not
ŋ ming

PLOSIVES or STOP PLOSIVES

b baby
p pig
d dog
t tick

PLOSIVES, CONT.

g go
k lick

AFFRICATES (stop plosives followed by continuant fricatives)

dʒ John
tʃ ranch
ʃt rushed?
ʒd rouged) (continuant fricatives followed by plosives, reverse of affricates)

Unvoiced, Voiceless sounds made w/ vocal cords open slightly.

AGAINST REDUCTION

HUNTER, HERMAN, and URGENT ART

by Marian Kester

"Art is something that rich people buy."

Rich Gold

"Realism is the antithesis of art."

Delacroix

"That's true."

Roger Herman

Why write about easel painting seventy years after the "great destructive, negative" broom of Dada swept it onto the dustbin of history? More to the point, why paint? Specifically, why paint in a style seemingly rec ognizable as Postwar American Abstract Expressionism, with the emphasis on Expressionism (romantic, representational), when cool, hard-edge, minimal and conceptual techniques are hegemonic?

Painting is quaint, low-tech, archaic. It has been superseded so many times --by photography, by film, by the abstractionism that it itself spawned (which pointed once and for all away *from* the canvas plane), and most recently by the Life-As-Art of performance -- that it's a marvel painters still exist, still insisting on the validity of what they do. Painting is so *material.* All those self-concious gobs of opaque pigment. Painting displays neither spontaneity, nor duration, nor *process*. Worst of all, *it isn't modern.*

I can repeat this well-worn critique because I am a practicing philistine of the type that doesn't dabble in painting. It would never occur to me to mediate my will-to-power through the medium of oil on canvas; I've chosen, or been been chosen by, other means. But I am not unknown to succumb from time to time to erotic motivations. Actually, in the case of Hunter and Herman, it's less an erotic than a genetic imperative: if Eros is a motive, so are chromosomes...

Roger Herman is an activist, if not action, painter. Tall and blonde (dare I say Aryan?). There is nothing particularly American about him. Like most Germans he is steeped as a matter of course in history and dialectics. Perhaps this accounts for his relative influence over certain Bay Area artists: Americans are so innocent of theory yet often gravitate toward the theoretical like moths to flaming ruin... Despite the fact that Roger disdains "groups" or "movements", he is one of the central figures of a tendency calling itself Urgent Art. A small tendency-- their group shows have never included more than four painters (Herman, Tim Hunter, John Ford, Harold Gruber) -- but a rather unusual development for the art scene on the West Coast, which is noted for its hyperindividualism.

"[painting] has been superseded so many times that it's a marvel painters still exist, still insisting on the validity of what they do. Painting is *so* material. Painting displays meither spontaneity, nor duration, nor *process*. Worst of all, it isn't modern."

Symbols in painterly, expressive abstraction cover Herman's canvases. Immense dimensions: castles, mountains, oceans, self-portraits, Satanic mills ("I am from the Saarland, I like industry.") It is, simply put, male art. It expresses vitalist "monarchist" *inclinations. Roger likes very much Pollock, Clyfford Still, Markus Luepertz, Georg Baselitz, and an obscure group of young berliners called "Violent Painters". Roger has done things when pissed off or merely drunk that would make the blood of grown men run cold in their veins...*

MANIFESTO OF URGENT ART (R. Herman)

We are the great mannerists, using art history, not being hypnotized by the demands for next year's model. We paint so much that we cannot worry too much from whom we're stealing now, from abstract expressionism, from dadaism, from expressionism from El Greco or Picabia. Who cares. We are against the concept of reduction that has for so long dominated the art scene. Down with the prematurely frustrated and senile academy of the the avant-garde.

We borrow freely from the past. We use history knowingly.

The themes: swords, burning flame, red guitars, industry, heads. Untamed heroism. Wagner, Nietzsche. Barbaric inform, large in scale. We paint tanks, mountains, moons, skulls. We use cubism, tachism, abstract expressionism *art brut*, and so on...

We want our work to collide, we want to make "unsafe paintings" that are fragmented, sometimes raw. The paintings are not final solutions, they are vulnerable. It is a form of gestural art with conceptual elements.

Nietzsche was a Romantic but he was also a philosopher with a hammer.

* * * * * * * * *

No. of stations reporting	Network compensation	National & regional advertisers	% change	Rank	% national & regional*	Local advertisers	% change	Rank	Total broadcast revenues	% change	Rank	Total expenses	% change	Rank	Total broadcast income	% change	Rank	% income to revenue
5	0	33,688	-38.9	367	4	912,781	-6.2	320	866,354	-15.4	337	873,128	-18.8	342	-6,774	86.7	224	----
35	432,668	9,123,15													555,712	3.7	18	5.1
12	95,665	2,186,98													117,996	38.0	25	13.6
38	847,269	15,649,47													932,115	-10.3	33	1.8
4	5,495	79,59													62,508	656.6	180	----
5	0	113,16													70,302	126.4	174	5.3
5	0	19,79													41,568	----	187	----
5	0	233,64													271,222	----	98	----
17	30,291	460,69													122,098	-70.7	143	2.4
8	6,347	374,45													375,705	6.5	74	12.5
16	44,816	2,198,734	15.5	61	36	3,840,209	8.9	118	5,376,225	10.0	97	6,870,923	13.8	78				
7	4,484	359,392	36.3	199	25	1,082,509	3.2	296	1,410,274	9.2	280	1,396,364	2.9	282	13,910	121.4	206	----

There is not need to be frightened. It is true some of the creatures are odd. It gives one a feeling of confidence to see nature still busy with experiments, still propulsive, and not through nor satisfied because a Devonian fish managed to end as a two-legged character engrossed in the mastication of reality effects. We need a nail to hang it on.

word dust falls

Tim Hunter's studio adjoins Roger's here in Oakland's gritty warehouse district. Tim also is tall and blonde with blue eyes. A few years younger than Roger, Tim is more intense, more (in the American grain) trigger -happy. Not surprisingly he is interested in American and Nordic mythologyand in art's heroic past, when a new style could precipitate brawls and international incidents. Excerpt from a 20 point manifesto written by Tim Hunter (also employing the genre's rhetorical "we"):

-- Modernism is dead!
-- Fervency, audacity!
-- An art made of bayonets, barbed wire, human bones. Industrial fumes, broken glass.
-- Die for your art. Is suicide a solution?
-- Politics!
-- Art history, yes. Progress, no!
-- Rape all feminist artists!...
-- Destroy everything soft and unnecessary.
-- Eliminate the third world, now! Paint over their murals...

And from Tim's statement of artistic intent:

> ...Although our painting involves concept , performance, and installation, we prefer to emphasize the final product instead of these other aspects... It seems that our art is too classical for many new wave followers. We're idealists and romantics, which runs contrary to established punk aesthetics... We seek to overwhelm the viewer.

I ask them, Tim and Roger, why not just shut up and paint? Why the urge to justify it to anyone, much less to oneself? They protest: painting is under attack from all sides, especially from artists in other media, who scorn it as insufficiently "lifelike", escapist, anachronistic, static, boring, an evolutionary deadend.The cutting edge, they feel, came with Duchamp: he actually *produced*, for all to see, the anti-art objects foretold in the anti-art manifestoes of Dada, Surrealism and Futurism. (Someone has a bad word for Dada? I can't believe my ears; Tzara is as sacred to modernity as Leonardo is -- in official retrospect -- to the Renaissance. Clearly these two are trying to reestablish themselves upon terrain lost in famous, bitter struggles of the early twentieth century...)

Could it be, I venture, that painting is deemphasized at present for merely historical reasons? After all, the various arts don't remain equidistant to or abreast of each other across all epochs; one in particular may characterize an age more than any of the others. Painters have been celebrities at times as have pianists, opera singers, rodeo performers, satirists, ballet composers, and assassins at other times. Accenting this deemphasis, admittedly, are the absurd quarrels that have wracked painting in the years since World War II, and the ascent of Art-As-Theory abetted by the "Three Bergs" (Leo Steinberg, Clement Greenberg, And Harold Rosenberg):

> *"Modern Art has become completely literary: the painting and other works exist only to illustrate the text.*
>
> "...Art and fashion are a two backedbeast today; the artists can yell at fashion, but they can't move out ahead.
>
> "...Each new movement, each new *ism* of modern artwas a declaration by the artists that they had a new way of seeing which the rest of the world (read: the bourgeoisie)

couldn't comprehend. "We understand!" said the culturati, thereby separating themselves also from the herd. But what inna namea Christ *were* the artists seeing? This is where Theory came in.

> " ...When [Clement] Greenberg spoke, it was as if not merely the future of Art were at stake but the very quality, the very *possibility*, of civilization in America... He saw Modernism as heading toward a certain inevitable conclusion... On this point Greenberg couldn't have been clearer: *Flatness.*
>
> "...The question of what an artist could or could not do without violating the principle of Flatness -- the "integrity of the picture plane" as it became known-- inspired subtle distinctions, exquisitely miniaturized hypotheses, stereotactic microelectric needle-implant hostilities, brilliant if ever-decreasing tighter-turning spirals of logic...
>
> "...The spark flew, and [the painter Morris] Louis saw the future with great clarity. The very use of thick oil.paint had been a crime against flatness, a violation of the integrity of the picture plane, all these years... But of course! Even in the hands of Picasso, ordinary paint was likely to build up as much as a millimeter or two *above* mean canvas level! And as for the new Picasso --i.e., Pollock-- my god, get out a ruler!"

I'd love to go on quoting *The Painted Word* by Tom Wolfe, hero and champion of philistines everywhere, but you get the picture. Wolfe said what a lot of us thought but were perhaps afraid to acknowledge we thought. Too bad he's become such a gung-ho Americanist of late, with his book of astronauts (*The Right Stuff*) and his 2-part article "From the Bauhaus to Our House: Why Architects Can't Get Out of the Box" (*Harper's*, June 1981)..

After Tim Hunter read *The Painted Word*, he retired from painting for two years. Living in Georgia, he immersed he immersed himself in the rock scene with a band called Vietnam in search of an artform that would "help people directly". But Rock, the art with the most immediate impact, eventually came to seem vapid and ephemeral. He began to paint again...

Backgrounds of black and grey with streaks of black and the flat tones of wall paint dominate Tim's work. In the series "War is Hell", nudes alternate with tanks; other canvases juxtapose photo-projected images from S&M magazines with wirephoto shots of vile current events. But most are violent Pollock-style abstractions, even less representational than Roger's. ("I paint objects", Roger confides, "because if I would paint abstract I would get totally lost.") The two have infleunced each other's styles, although which one is primary to the symbiosis is never discussed. Tim wrote a letter to Artbeat *last year denouncing the arts and artists in the U.S. and holding up the example of German intensity intelligence, commitment, social conciousness and state support. On the bankruptcy of American art, both are agreed: the situation would be amusing were it not such a disaster. "Now we are free to fall back on the past", says Tim. "There are no completer*
"There are no complete breaks. This doesn't mean imitating *the past -- but focusing on some of the really great times in art, and saying things that couldn't be said then. Modernism and "progression" have pretty much burnt themselves out. You just can't do anything totally "new" anymore -- all these attempts at uniqueness only repeat history, anyway. White paintings, silent music..."*

At last I summon the courage to ask the two of them: Why paint at all? Have you no choice? What's in it for you? Aren't you left feeling incomplete? Isn't painting just a provisional substitute for what you'd *really* like to do, intervene actively in the world, alter reality? (After all, Tim and Roger certainly seem interested in intervening in the *Art* world, and Tim has even called himself "preoccupied with the world situation" to the point of "paranoia".) Silence thick enough to slice and make into s sandwiches (hold the mayo). Roger looks em-

continued on page 17

"As the Great Wheel of Fashion mills us ever finer, cycling and recycling endlessly through the contents of our culture with its staggering indifference to whose ball has happened to drop into the winning slot, it seems that Painting's number, once again, has come up."

sexonomy

BY MICHAEL PEPPE

You're boring in bed. If you're not in the same position every time it feels weird. Like you're thinking about it or something. You don't understand how the people in the magazines can do it from the side handcuffed to a donkey. During lunch-hour. You never played doctor with that older boy, you didn't lay naked in a pile in the Sixties, you didn't try Gay when it came out, you had a shot at Sis when she was too short to defend herself and you choked. You look at pictures of people with rubber balls taped into their mouths the same way your mother did. Quickly. Then you wonder why no one thinks you're interesting.

Now there's help. Maybe you just don't know what's available. Wallow no more. Below is the First Edition of the Complete and Unabridged Taxonomy of Sexuality. A kind of checklist.
NO SKIPPING.

I. Intentionality towards event
- A. Degree intensity: interest -- arousal -- orgasm
- B. Degree emotionality (depth): genital/sexual -- tactile/sensual -- friendly -- protective/protected -- vulnerable -- loving
- C. Type: subject/object lover/object lover/lover lover/friend friend/friend prostitute/client mentor/admirer victimizer/victim keeper/kept etc. any combination of any number of the above
- D. Intentionality of partner, if any
  1. Intensity
  2. Emotionality
  3. Type
- E. Social acceptability of event in host culture: rewarded -- encouraged -- tolerated -- disdained -- prohibited
- F. All aspects variable over time

II. Type of event
- A. Cortical: dream/memory/hallucination/waking fantasy
- B. Motor
  1. Object-intentional
     - a. Non-living
       - i. Non-referential
         - (I.) Non-fetishistic
           - (A.) Devices
             - (1.) Hand-held: genital/anal/tactile sensual
             - (2.) Non-hand-held: artificial partners
           - (B.) Feces (coprophilia)
           - (C.) Corpses (necrophilia)
         - (II.) Fetishistic
           - (A.) Apparel-intentional: footwear/gloves underwear/bras/wigs/jewelry/etc.
           - (B.) Material-intentional: leather/rubber vinyl/latex/metal/silk/hemp/etc.
       - ii. Referential
         - (I.) Static: cartoon/drawing/painting/photograph
         - (II.) Dynamic: text/comic strip/film (peep/feature)
     - b. Living
       - i. Non-human (beastiality)
       - ii. Human
         - (I.) Number: one/two (menage a trois)/three or more (orgy)
         - (II.) Gender: heterosexual/homosexual/transsexual any combination of any number of the above
         - (III.) Relationship
           - (A.) Non-familial: spouse/non-immediate relative/lover/friend/aquaintance/customer/stranger
           - (B.) Familial (incest): parent/child/sibling
         - (IV.) Age
           - (A.) Peer
           - (B.) Older
           - (C.) Younger
           - (D.) Infant or child (pederasty)
           - (E.) Elderly individual (gerontophilia)
         - (V.) Race
         - (VI.) Nationality
         - (VII.) Physical description
           - (A.) General features: height/weight/shape/hairiness/muscularity/skin texture/etc.
           - (B.) Special features: large breasts/long penis/small buttocks/hairy chest/long clitoris/amputation/etc.
         - (VIII.) Attire if any
           - (A.) Amount
           - (B.) Type
             - (1.) Natural
             - (2.) Unnatural
               - (a.) Gender-contrasting
                 - (i.) By self (transvestitism)
                 - (ii.) By partner (transvestiphilia)
               - (b.) Uniforms: doctor/nurse policeman/military/schoolteacher/child/infant/etc.
  2. Activity-intentional
     - a. Dramatic role
       - i. Self-as perpetrator
       - ii. Self-as-perpetrated-upon
     - b. Type of ritual
       - i. Ritual of power: sadism-masochism domination-submission bondage-discipline bondage-suspension humiliation
       - ii. Ritual of childhood: scolding/spanking/washing/dressing/powdering/lifting and cradling/enema
       - iii. Ritual of elimination
         - (I.) Defecation (mudslide)
         - (II.) Urination (golden shower)
       - iv. Ritual of witnessing
         - (I.) Exhibitionism: of strip-tease/of live peep before elders/before peers/
         - (II.) Voyeurism: of strip-tease/of live peep shows/of sex theatre/of children/of sado-masochistic scenes/of elimination/of etc.
       - v. Miscellaneous: violence/danger of discovery/illegality/wrestling/profanity (live/telephone)/etc.
       - vi. Any combination of any number of the above
  3. Combination of any number or type of object or activity with any other number or type of object or activity
- C. Both cortical and motor

III. Duration of event

IV. Frequency of event
- A. Variable over time
- B. Degree predominance of one sexuality over others, if any, over time

V. Location of event
- A. Degree privacy if any
- B. Degree discoverability if any
- C. Degreee social acceptability in host culture

VI. Time of day
- A. Hour of day
- B. Degree social acceptability in host culture

Now you know. As you experience each entry, check it off. When you've done all the entries in a category, check that off. When you're through start over.

THE PRIVATE SECTOR

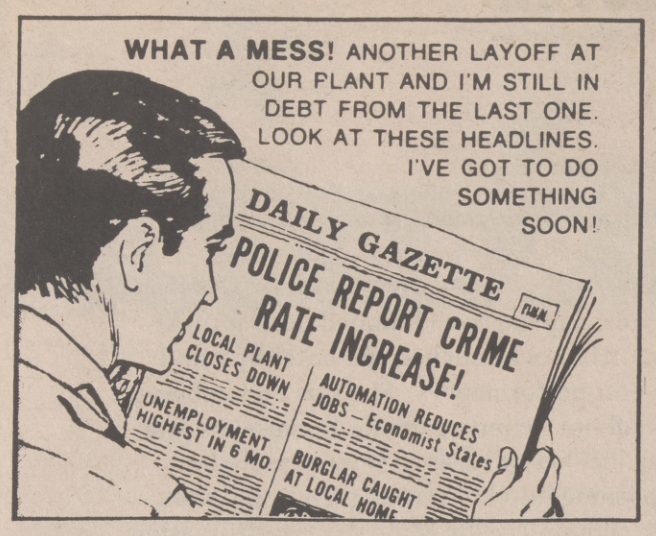
an excerpt from a novel in progress by D.M. Crowther

An account of a sexual act which is also a power struggle between representatives of two private corporations, and which is being secretly mon itored by a goverment intelligence organization.

Looking at her body he imagined the defoliated hills of Africa, mercenaries tramping dirt roads, napalm scars branded deep into African plains. "You'll be all right darlin', " Greene smirked, "just as soon as you get this rod in you." His cock touched the outer lips, and as it did her body shook spasmodically. "Yes, yes stick it in me,'she whimpered, giving one of her best performances. She was remembering biblical passages from her childhood. "If a man lies carnally with a woman who is a slave... They shall not be put to death, because she was not free." She had her eyes closed and slapped her head from side to side on the pillow, mumbling incoherently, as inch upon inch, he slid his stock into her lovely, warm, wet clasping cunt, deeper and deeper into her vaginal depths, pushing into her burning tropical center. He remembered a preliminary survey in the Congo, some natives had refused to vacate. They were eliminated that same day, confrontation between primitive and technological man proving to be no contest, ha ha... he journeyed deeper with a slow steady movement, inch after inch. "You shall keep my statutes and my ordinance and do none of these abominations, either the native or the stranger who sojourns among you, lest the land vomit you out when you defile it, as it vomited out the nation that was before you." "Ahhhh, that's it," Doreen growled sensually, clutching at him, drawing him deeper. In he pushed, into the twisting, undulating pussy. Her cunt exuded a rich, musky fluid. The liquid spilled out and drenched his dipping stick , clinging and oozing around him like some sexual quicksand. "That same fuckin' day" he thought "that's fuckin' efficency, no contest." "Yes, yes, oh Gerald, it feels so good! Fuck me! Fuck my hot cunt, darling!" Doreen had been raised by missionaries after her mother disappeared. When she was eight she overheard Father Thomas talking about it. "And the daughter of any priest, if she profanes herself by playing the harlot, profanes her father; she shall be burned with fire." "Ohhh, baby!" Greene exclaimed doubly excited by the feel of her hot liquid washing around him. "Few of these people know who their father is. Here the child belongs to the mother. In her case the mother ran off too. We heard later that she became the mistress of a wealthy Frenchman. She was very pretty for a native..." As they continued on into the sweltering interior the next day he had joked about it with one of the men. "It's so hot... I can see you've really wanted it, you horny doll you! "He lunged inside, burying his aching, throbbing rod all the way to her depths, in through the jungly cobweb of her bush, into the dark land beyond, splashing through the sea of viscous love nectar her sexy insides exuded, poured out at him. "So Hansen's loading the gun up, an AK-47, good war surplus, right there in front of their faces, the nigs are shitting bricks of course, then the father comes up and starts jabbering away in nig-english--" "Yes, yes, yes, stick it into me!" Doreen cried out, joining his excited chorus. "Stick that big dick inside my hot cunt, my dear Gerald, fuck me, fuck me!" "When a woman has a discharge of blood, which is her regular discharge from her body, she shall be in her impurity for seven days... And if any man lies with her and her impurity is on him, he shall be unclean seven days; and every bed on which he lies shall be unclean." "All right dearie, keep hold of yourself... I'll give you what you want." "So at first I can't understand a word he's saying, right? I mean you figure it's just the usual and I'm not really paying attention..." "You really love it, don't you baby!" "Oh, yes, yes, Gerald, I love it." "I mean, that kind of talk comes with the job, but gradually it starts getting through to me that this fucking bush-nigger--you should've seen him, really, talking so fast I thought he was going to have a heart attack, and save us the trouble, sweat dripping off his coon face--" Up the fiery spout he moved, past clasping labes, streaming along between the meaty, sticky walls, sticking to his shaft as he pushed down into her cavern, through the sticky drool bubbling along the lips. She remembered the sermons. Father Thomas would get extremely worked up. She could see his face, sweat pouring down, as he shouted beautiful, meaningless phrases in the hot African night. "And the Lord came down to see the city and the tower which the sons of men had built. And the Lord said "Behold, they are one people and they have all one language; and this is only the beginning of what they will do; and nothing that they propose to do will now be impossible for them. Come, let us go down, and there confuse their language, that they may not understand one anothers' speech." "-this fucking bush-nigger is trying to make a *deal,* he wants us to shoot *him,* but let his wife and kid go!" "Yes, yes, stick it into me, more, more!" He stabbed her, harder, harder, in and out, plunging, lunging, slamming in and out of her stormy depths, up and down, swaying on the loose, low slung mattress. "Imagine that coon expecting us to be stupid enough to leave witnesses... anyway the upshot of it was that Hansen saved him for last." "And from there the Lord scattered them abroad over the face of the earth." In and out of her rapturous middle, deeper and deeper. "Another triumph of technology over geography, eh?" Greene had joked a bit nervously, slightly regretting his candor. No point really in telling people more than they need to know. Still, it was true. Geographical considerations just don't matter anymore. She tried closing her legs against him, locking him in with her thighs. It closed the thick hairs of her bush over her cunt, and they twined like barbed wire over his shaft as he pushed in and out. It's a new world he thought and the only language that counts is the language of technology, be it oil refinery or atom bomb. Primitive man is soon to be extinct. "Swallow me pork...right...swallow it all, alll down your bleeding 'ole..." Again and again, his prick pierced her shimmering, hidden meat, deeper and deeper, till he was inserted to the hilt and beyond, then out, out, inch by inch till only the knobbed head was still inside. Then quickly back in all the way, ramming down solidly, making them both gasp with breathless excitment as he landed at the back of her beautiful pussy. She flexed the strong muscles of her vagina tight against his plummeting prick, holding, releasing rythmically, enabling him entrance and exit, letting him in and out of her gorgeous pit of passion, her pouch of delights. "You shall not approach a woman to uncover her nakedness while she is in her menstrual uncleanness." He fucked her some more, pumping, slamming his stick of joy in and out of her tight, lovely pussy. After the service Father Thomas would speak to her of the importance of education and of her submission to God's will. Greene remembered Hansen, firing off round after round into the three twitching, leaping bodies on the floor until they were one gigantic, bleeding wound. Back and forth, building back to top speed, ramming, jamming, stabbing, jabbing again and again, getting closer and closer to the end. It was getting dark when they torched the hut, the flames were memorable against the tropical sky. Visions of charred corpses flashed through his mind. "Oh! Ohhhhh!" she screamed. "Your cunt is so hot, Doreen..." He was gagging from the athletic exertion, slight but intense, as he grappled above her, trying to maintain his balance despite her kicks to his ass and undulations. "I... I'm coming, Gerald!" Doreen shouted, crazy with passion. She whimpered and licked her lips and closed her eyes tight , twisting her head from side to side. He sucked in a deep breath and then slammed into her, every inch of his pulsing, throbbing manhood burying itself within her deep, deep, oozing opening. And then it was there, rising up from his balls, diving out, out of the head, into her tight twat, hot, wet, creamy, sticky, steamy, rising through her system, making her scream and shake and shake. He pumped on, back and forth, till every last particle of seed was deposited against the dark, steaming depths of her quaking interior.

EPILOGUE

Greene lit a Dunhill and stretched back against the pillows. Doreen snuggled up under his arm, sliding a warm thigh across his legs. The Englishman took a deep drag on his cigarette and blew the smoke towards the ceiling with a loud sigh.


WHAT A MESS! ANOTHER LAYOFF AT OUR PLANT AND I'M STILL IN DEBT FROM THE LAST ONE. LOOK AT THESE HEADLINES. I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING SOON!
DAILY GAZETTE
POLICE REPORT CRIME RATE INCREASE!
LOCAL PLANT CLOSES DOWN
UNEMPLOYMENT HIGHEST IN 6 MO.
AUTOMATION REDUCES JOBS – Economist States
BURGLAR CAUGHT AT LOCAL HOME

POST MORTEMISM

(Notes From the Invisible Theater)

Competition and ambition are anathema to the Arts; they produce abortions. It is only the void of timespace that begets, or recieves creative fecundation. The artist must be taut between the extreme positions of receptivity and creativity. By being attentive to the interval silent zones between the everpresent percussion of events, the artist learns to recognize the black mysterious holes in creation. Useless knowledge, like extra baggage only serves to add weight to the sensitive cargo one must carry, as on the camel's back, through the eye of the needle. This type of aperception is of a spiritual nature, not in the sense of being antimaterial, spiritual in the highly charged sense of being beyond duality. As the Ancients tell us, there is unity in diversity; artists should not betray their creativity by competing with their peers, nor by climbing social ladders. Let the multivarious personas of individuals melt into the obscure condition of time, and let the ladders rust on their hinges. Art transcends the meaningless individualities and amalgamated differences, differences that seem so solid inside timespace and reappear muted on the outside.

> "Might we suggest then that Art-as-we-call-it is in a reality a language of the dead?"

As it has been said so often by so many that it might seem commonplace today: Art must merge with Life. But truly, has it? In its outward manifestation certainly, but in its ritual dogma it has only achieved a condition of historical flux, and thus is trapped in the fictive chronological setting of history. In that frozen space that is the Museum, and in that hushed moment of presentation, Art merely imitates and does not dissolve into Life. It remains aloof, pointing the direction perhaps, but appears more like the dead marking of Time, and as such, properly belongs to the realm of the dead, not of the living.

Might we suggest then that Art-as-we-call-it is reality a language of the Dead? Certainly the Cathedral Art of the Rennaissance revers the mythologems of the Dead. Modern art was in fact recreated from the ancestral mud and bone of dead cultures. What we refer to today as the Post Modern even more clearly has achieved the patterning rigidity of Death Itself. Are not our very concepts of the Artist in our romantic nomenclature pitted as the diseased giant rushing blindly toward the grave? Isn't the suicide-note the perfectly romantic poem? The word itself, Romantic, whose root is Roman glorifies the culture that was Rome. One of our truly contemporary conceptual artists of the period, Tom Marioni, who fathered the Museum of Conceptual Art, has given performances around the world playing muted musical tableaus useing percussionist "brushes" and the violin. This same violin used in a performance was enshrined in the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art, in a show called, "Time/Space- The Art of the 70s", in a tableaux setting along with an enema-bag or "douche-bag". What a fittingly suggestive and humorous image Marioni revealed! The fiddle that Nero played while Rome burned, and the scatalogical reference to analism. Society indeed collects Art Objects in a constipative way. Only the Artist has freely released them. The Artist has given us the metaphors for a dying collective consumption based on competition and ambition. It has been stated that Art reflects Life. How can a pocket-mirror reflect the universe? It reveals the slightest light through the cracks and chinks of the dungeon.

Not until Conceptual Art had Artists been allowed to free themselves of the dead weight of Art History. If Art is compared to the life stages, then the first Oral Stage might be compared with legendary Age of the orally transmitted Epics, before Homer, when the spoken work was perhaps a miracle of itself; the anal stage then has lasted since Homer; the age of collectivisation and archivalism, which reached its apogee in the recording era of the Middle Ages. This anal stage is about to undergo, or has already undergone transformation through the invention of the computer and with micronization. Francis Yates, (Giordano Bruno, The World Theatre), reminds us that Theatre as a secular form evolved from memory systems, or through practises to retain certain facts. Naming was the begining of written poetry. The World Stage, the Globe Theatre after Shakespeare is either Revival (George Bernard Shaw), or Fragmentation (Brecht). This Fragmentation of the anal stage of culture has affected all of the Arts and naturally, the psyche of humanity as well.

According to Freud, and others, the third stage of the life-cycle of the individual is the genital stage. Today we have phallicist politics in the forms of ICBM missles, Gemini, and Apollo Rockets, Radio antennae, and cowboy republicanism. In point of fact however these models have been with us for some time. These belong to the Age of the Hero that belongs to the Roman Warrior. So this last stage is a romantic, nostalgic stage that will permit no new thinking at the peril of death. Witness the ERA amendment's recent demise at the hands of the phallicists and you see what I mean.

Before these three freudianized stages of culture, if we are to parallel mythological data, there was the ambionic age, or the Golden Age of darkness and the peace-

> "It has been stated that Art reflects life. How can a pocket mirror reflect the universe? It reveals the slightest light through the cracks and chinks of the dungeon."

ful turbulence of the womb. We do not know this age because there were no recordings made of it, except perhaps in our neurological and genetic memory. This prima materia from whence human life sprung is of course conditionally romanticized today, and is even suggested as a model from which we may draw up the blueprints of a future. A New Matriarchy, as opposed to the bloodletting of the Male Patriarchal Alliance. The problem with extreme positions on either side of the Anima or the Animus, is that one sees itself in deadly battle with its opposite, rather that as mutually dependent conditions.

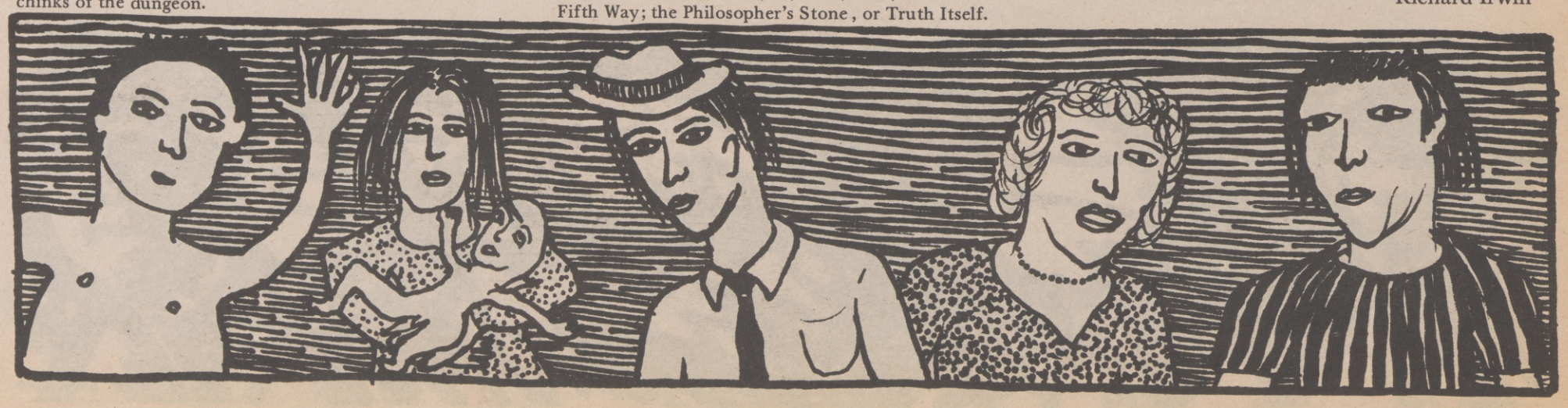
The Aztec Sun Calandar prophecies a Fifth Age; an Age of Chaos and destruction. The Judeo-Christian epic as well predicts an Apocalypse. Traditionally Alchemy proposes that from the fourfold formula of Yod (Fire), He (Water), Vau (Air), He (Earth), we arrive at a Fifth Way; the Philosopher's Stone, or Truth Itself. Naked Being. The original New Age Mystic, englishman Aliestier Crowley even claimed to have recieved the Word of this New Age in the Book of the Law, transcribed from his Guardian Angel, Aiwz. This New Age is called the Eon of Horus. An age characterized by social unrest, confusion, and bisexuality. His book was published in time to prophecy World Wars 1 and 2. He did not say how long this Age would last, and I frankly do not care, since I see all this as being archetypal metaphor and not proscribed dogma.

In Art, the genital stage begins with Action Painting and ends with Performance. What follows is confusion. The confusion of our circuitous present condition. This is the era of Pluralism, where no style prevails but Anti-Style, which is a highly refined Style or Meta-Style. New Image painting and sculpture is this revisionist credo in tact. The searching, fumbling, obsessive quality associated with the painterly styles of Rothko, Pollack, and Clyfford Stills, is perfectly reduced to its caricature in the guise of New Expressionism. The one thing they lack is originality, the one thing they gain is the retrospect view of History. They are deader than dead. They are Death Masks. Punk bands refer to themselves as "The Undead", "The Dead Kennedys", "Dead Boys", with individual names like Stiv Bators and Johnny Rottne. The films of Beth and Scott B. succinctly parody this trend of trends, even suggesting a psychoanalytic escape route through the subjective denseness of the encoded layers of negativity. The movie that hypes itself as the Punk Epic however, "The Decline of Western Civilization" is a cheap send-up, a bogus concert film on the order of Altamont, without the naive frenzy of its predecessor; even the title is self-conscious and prentious.

Where is all this death getting us if not one step closer to the grave, and not even enjoying ourselves on the way? Maybe Western Society is on its final road to ruin. Maybe Russia and the USA will blow each others' brains out and in so doing, destroy Europe in hellfire and pollute the rest of the planet in a slow death dance. Today's artworld seems to suggest this and the commercial marketplace of Capitalism speeds things up. But fear of death will not lead us out of the maze, it will only intensify either a claustrophobic retreat into premeditated prison comps, or send us to a psychotic rage.

We are paying too much attention to events and ignoring the intervals. We listen too much to electronic media and not enough to our natural selves. We see too much televisionized violence and not enough of our own faces. We skitter about like rats in a cage and have forgotten how to relax without falling into sleep. We are competing too hard for recognition and approval to understand what it is we are thinking. Our ambitions have gotten us nowhere but economical collapse as a society and personal disasters as human beings. We have bartered away our receptivity/creativity for a piece of the action. We are, in a word, lost.

Richard Irwin



The Banding Syndrome

by Marian Kester

What I propose to survey here is at once horrifying and boring. I wish to call attention to the fact that we may be living in a False Bohemia. This is not the same thing as a Fool's Paradise: if you live in one of those it means you are about to get a Rude Awakening. I have nothing so apocalyptic in mind. Actually we could all go on living in the "Scene" until the cows came home and hardly notice a thing.

What is a False Bohemia and what does it have to do with the New Wave Scene? They're one and the same. A False Bohemia is what develops when an original creative impulse has spent itself but people are too scared to admit they've been left behind and should now strike out into the Unknown on their own. Aside from those left behind, the older ones, there are also younger ones who arrive too late and imitate the last gestures of the dying impulse, as is the nature of slavish youth. Beach punks, for example -- if ever there were a generation licked before it got off the ground, it has to be this one.

There has never been a Bohemia as false as New Wave. *Decades* of hip despair have already preceded it; what can it hope to add to those exquisite refinements of modern nihilism, those monuments to monstrous freedom? I mean my God -- de Sade, Rimbaud, Lautreamont the Surrealists, Artaud, Mayakovsky, the SS *Schwarze Corps*, Mishima, Aleister Crowley !!

It is often pointed out that many Rock and "new music" innovators have backgrounds in classical music, but I imagine half the middle-class kids of the postwar generation were schooled in piano or guitar or music theory. The question is, were they bored by the restrictions of the classical forms, or was that legacy just too much for them? Did they deliberately turn away, or did they beat a retreat?

This sounds like a condemnation of Rock but it is not. Rock is perfect in its place. At heart, as we all know, punk was an attempt to fight free of the pompous conventions, dynasties, and reptilian mannerist decadence of latter-day Rock, go back to the raw basics of beat and *energy*, and make *room* for new youth. It succeeded for awhile at this worthy aim. Punk also suggested to many the pleasant notion that becoming a performer or an artist wasn't such a big deal. Let any one get up there. See, it's easy. Practice, practice, practice. Fun, fun, fun.

But pretty soon new buds, the delicate new buds of Art, began to burst forth again. Now the decadent phase sets in once more; musicians start to take themselves *very seriously*. For myself I go out to dance and shout. If I wanted harmony or melody or closely-reasoned philosophical ideas, I'd go elsewhere, and I know just where I'd go but it's not Club Foot.

What I'm talking about mainly is the intersection of New Wave "art rock" with "new music" in general (experimental, electronic, computerized, aleatory, atonal, etc.). It has been a sudden convergence, with burgeoning offspring. Numberless events fill the air with stupefying arthritic noise while multimedia "Performances" mortify the brain and eye...

Like one night several months ago. You walk into this big gym. On a makeshift screen, out-of-focus footage of Nazi rallies and atrocities, some guy with his face being surgically removed. Some band in a corner emits angry-sounding sounds over and over. Where am I, at a training program for Marines? Like dozens of other events of this lofty type, the evening seems part of some obscure campaign to make life cheap, to condition us to view humans as no more than bodies. I'm not suggesting the people who put together shows like this *know* what they're doing; artists never know what they're doing, that's why they're artists, and these people are just artistic enough to simply be unconscious transmitters of what the future expects us to be. So, but -- since the audience at this event hadn't just joined the Marines, and therefore weren't being fused into an efficient machine for fighting and killing, what *were* they being conditioned for? Why is there a campaign on to make life cheaper than it is already? Why did the event's participants cruc ify somebody on a swastika and then set it afire, letting the fascination of flame etch itself into out minds along the hooked cross?

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The False Underground is holding itself together defensively with a wealth of techniques that belie its spiritual impoverishment. First, xenophobia, to the point of sometimes turning by mistake on charter members of its own community. Second, anticipation: it pre-empts all criticism by appearing to revel in the most devastating critiques the Outsiders can come up with. Third, inflating gossip until it functions as myth. Fourth, humorlessness (this is really stress-anxiety caused by having to hide so much all the time; humorless people usually live in dread that there's something funny about them). Fifth, a conspiracy of silence: the performer says, in effect, "See, I can't create anything either. Pretend you don't notice. When you get onstage I'll pretend I don't notice either." The secret shared by all is never acknowledged: "I'm not creative. Being an artist is a way for me to get over. I dunno what I'm doing. I dunno what else to do. If I say I'm an artist, I'm an artist, I'll believe you're one too."

And last, wrap the whole deal up in an aesthetic -- call it Minimalism, maybe. Of course it has to be an ism; call something an ism and people flock from miles around. Dignify anything with an artful theory ~~and~~ and people will swallow it, and some won't quit even if it kills them.

And so we come to the syndrome of banding. Everybody's doing it. No longer content to knock their foreheads against the stage, they've discovered how great it feels when you stop. Banding is a way to form a family without getting married and gaving kids. It's also a way to preserve your old neighborhood gang (i.e., not turn into a grownup -- yech). For the first Rock generation, of course, the stuff was also indispensable, our consolation prize, a note secretly passed around the whole teenage class, a code of Cool and Revolt, a concupiscent roar that drowned out the sound of lawn mowers, vacum cleaners and our fate... But the myth of Rock has ballooned to the point where it's no longer enough just to listen to it -- you have to live it, breathe it, be it, or its spell is powerless.

Oh, I know it's fun and I don't think there ought to be a law against it. But think! Can you imagine the pseudo-Bohemian labyrinth that'll spring up when all the dropout intellectuals and cafe philosophere and Art bums get hold of guitars and synthesizers? Can you imagine the din? And before you know it they'll be expecting us to pay to go to their concerts, and finally to pay their bloody rent for them. They'll charge admission when they sing in the shower! Clothes and furniture will become unaffordable luxuries because a few days after they're made they'll be "collector's items". And we'll all be buried under tons of useless, sophomoric, and obvious Art Objects...

Of course, what else can people do -- there are not any good jobs. The lure of making it in Art or Show Business is as powerful for the forgotten teen of suburbia as it is for the forgotten black kid in the slums. Depression babies, trying to put a little sparkle back into survival? Spoiled middleclass brats, trying to hold a candle to the sun? Well, it may not be Art and it may not be Rock but it's sure a great scam. You really have to take your hat off to these Werner Erhards of Bohemia, who can make a living off insecurities they themselves create.

In the end anything is OK solong as it doesn't take itself too seriously. The False Bohemia isn't OK because it's an embarrassing delusion, like the kind you get when you refuse to get out of bed for weeks at a time and start having strange brainstorms. Having enjoyed the kick of punk passing through my system, and having believed for some time that there was nothing *else* happening, in any case -- I now regard the Scene with a profound sense of So What. Maybe nothing else *is* happening; I wonder. But life is short and who has the time to sit around watching nihilist homilies inferior to those of the recent and distant past alike struggle to dawn on the pimply brow of some anemic 18 year old? (Unless you are the 18 year old, in which case that's your problem.)

Art was once an imitation of life; now it's an imitation of an imitation.

Art is dead but we're still dying.

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continued from page 13

barrassed for me. "Painting is not a *substitute* for anything", he enunciates calmly, as if addressing a sufferer of Down's Syndrome. No, painting possesses unique qualities: it is "private, iconographic, visual", it is "quiet, and old-fashioned", it is "direct, immediate, sensual." "For me it is a kind of therapy", concludes Roger with one of his grins. In brief, it is what it is.

I recall a great article that appeared years ago in *Artforum*, "The Trouble with Art-As-Idea" by Max Kosloff:

> Robert Barry notes that he abandoned painting because he wanted to get away from framing edges and to be released from the wall. But this ordinary claustrophobia ties in with recent art's contempt for the stable, and vulgarly identifies a stabilized mode with a restriction on freedom.. There is an elementary confusion here, too, because the physically finite space of painting is a frame for what can be symbolically infinite.

" It's *fun*", adds Tim . And that is that. Surely even philistine logic must desist, satisfied at this Bottom Line of all endeavor. Certainly "performance artists" rarely claim or seem to be having FUN. A radical reaffirmation of painting-in-itself, then! I get up and slowly run my thumbnail over a black brushstroke on Roger's "Industrie", pondering the many applications of sublimation on the problem of creativity.

POSTSCRIPT

This ersatz interview took place some months ago. Since then the work of Hunter and Herman has grown on me; it has become more intensely *itself*, and has changed, but so has my eye. The other big change over the past year is the triumphal return of Painting. Painters are the darlings of the hour. Roger, having relocated to LA, thus finds himself in a happy position of convergence: the "downtown" Angeleno art boom meets Bad Painting meets the new wave of new American acclaim for precisely those German artists (Baselitz, Lupertz) to whom he feels akin. Tim is doing great also. They're both showing all over the place. (Title of their joint show last November: "Beyond Good and Evil"). Ulrike Kantor and god knows how many other LA painting mavens are promoting the hell out of Roger. As the Great Wheel of Fashion mills us ever finer, cycling and recycling endlessly through the contents of out culture with its staggering indifference to whose ball has happened to drop into the winning slot, it seems that Painting's number, once again, has come up. So do not weep for Hunter, Herman, or their bretheren -- till the restless Wheel moves on, they've got it made.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORK !

Sex Pistols' ex Malcolm McLaren's latest puppet show involves an Anglo-Burmese nubile named Annabella and three ex-Ants (Adam and the). You probably know this.

They've recorded a song called "W.O.R.K.," the gist of which is that you don't have to work if you don't want to.

Indentured, wage slavery, prostitution, employment, job, career, work.

TYPES OF WORK

1. Jobs where not very much happens.
2. Jobs which involve lying compulsively.
3. Jobs which are hectic and meaningless.
4. Inheriting money.
5. Jobs that take too much time.
6. Jobs with hours which prevent fun.
7. Jobs which are dangerous and repetitive.
8. Jobs which have little opportunity for advancement and pay almost nothing.
9. Jobs you can't get.
10. Jobs which pay a lot but you'd go to hell if there were a God.

Most of you have at least two expensive hobbies. You've auctioned off 40 hours a week to pay for them. Unless you're talented or lucky or some strain of corporate tapeworm, you spend a little part of each day brooding, daydreaming about quitting. When you're not working, you are sitting around with your friends making plans about what you're going to do when you're not working.

In Soviet factories, every month is the same. Everyone drinks too much at the beginning of the month, misses a few days work, shows up late and/or breaks things. (Every year 20,000 cases of alcohol poisoning are reported in the Soviet Union, 100 times the rate in the United States). Things move more efficiently towards the middle of the month. The last week is spent catching up on, the work lost due to drunkenness early in the month. Everyone works overtime, and the production schedule is met. Celebration ensues; the workers drink too much during the first week of the next month, and the factory falls behind schedule again.

In America, people who work in factories smoke dope and damage products. I have a friend who works in an aircraft plant in Virginia. He pours hot metal into molds. His arms are burned in ten different places. People get really fucked up and hurt each other and themselves.

T OR F If I worked in a factory in America, I would worship God on Sundays.

T OR F If I worked in a factory in the Soviet Union, I would politely decline when the bottle was passed my way.

WAYS TO AVOID WORK

A. Become a culture hero
This involves hard work, and the chances that you'll get anywhere are low. Even if you're a famous artist, chances are low that anybody will pay you for your trobles.

B. Work two part-time jobs
This isn't as boring as an eight hour shift behind a counter somewhere, but actually takes up more time.

C. Live cheaply, borrow money, write bad checks and move around a lot.
Thisworks for about twelve months at a stretch.

D. Welfare
Ask somebody who's been on it about the easiest ways to defraud the government.

E. Self-employment
Stressful, capitalistic, either very rewarding or very demeaning.
(A good Mormon is a self employed Mormon)
Combine with D and you've really got something.

F. SSI
Wear outdated 60's style clothes, use a red BART card, talk to yourself. SSI has psychiatrists who will certify you unfit to hold a job. Howevere,I've heard that you have to have been institutionalized at some time to be eligible. This doesn't mean checking into a country club style psych wark because your mother is dying and you girlfriend is fucking around. You have to have done time in the Big House.

G. Psych Wards
There's a guy who used to live in the apartment I'm subletting who combined hospitalization with option C. Check into a hospital, stay until you get bored, check out w/o paying and evade the collection agencies. Various collection agencies and loony bins flood my mailbox with threats everyday. The point is that they haven't the slightest idea where Richard is.

H. Live in a moderately sized city in the Southeast, live off a trust fund check and your rich friends. Go to bars every night.

If anyone thinks they know of worthwhile employment that doesn't fall under categories 1-10 or corollaries Talented and Lucky, please write my parents:

Mark Schone's parents
209 Kingswood Drive
Williamsburg, VA 23185

Mark Schone

his kiss
her eyes
lights on
my memory
flash off
move quick
her face
his hand

no resistance no resistance

A

environmental virtue
aldiva west

his kiss here eyes our relationship
his hand her face your voice
my memory his words her truth
your beauty
his yesterday her now you tommorrow

patience diligence elegance

nāmē

by M. PEPPE

all vowel sounds are short unless indicated otherwise
length of sounds = number of letters at reading speed
←——←——◂decelerate
1 2 3 4 1 2 3 4 recite in groups of four
p quietly *pp* more quietly *ppp* still more quietly
ssss ss, nnn n n almost inaudible
( ) whispered
o͞oo͞ the grammatical o͞o͞ three times as long
o͞o͞o͞ the grammatical o͞ three times as long
ow=ou
o̽ between o͞ and o̽
r̄ rolled r
-- pause as if interupted
♪ sung tone
sop. soprano register
pitch rises pitch falls
m3,m3 pitch intervals (minor second, major third)

izzzzzzzzzzzzzzcooooôôôôorrrruuuuuuuuuuuuuuuzimistēk(i)

kēliobintāāārūsss

izzzzzzzzzzzzzzcooooôôôôorrrruuuuuuuuuuuuuuuzimēlionnnnnn tonnn

tonerongrentówĕ tówetonerongrentāmē

towetāmētoneranāmēgrentōōe tōōe tōō-sēliōse? sēliōsāminen?
sop. m2
someranāmē--bowwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwww(1)

(slowly) *ppp*
1 2 3 4 5 6 7
(nŏstralkŏsnŏstŏstralkŏsssssss ss ss)

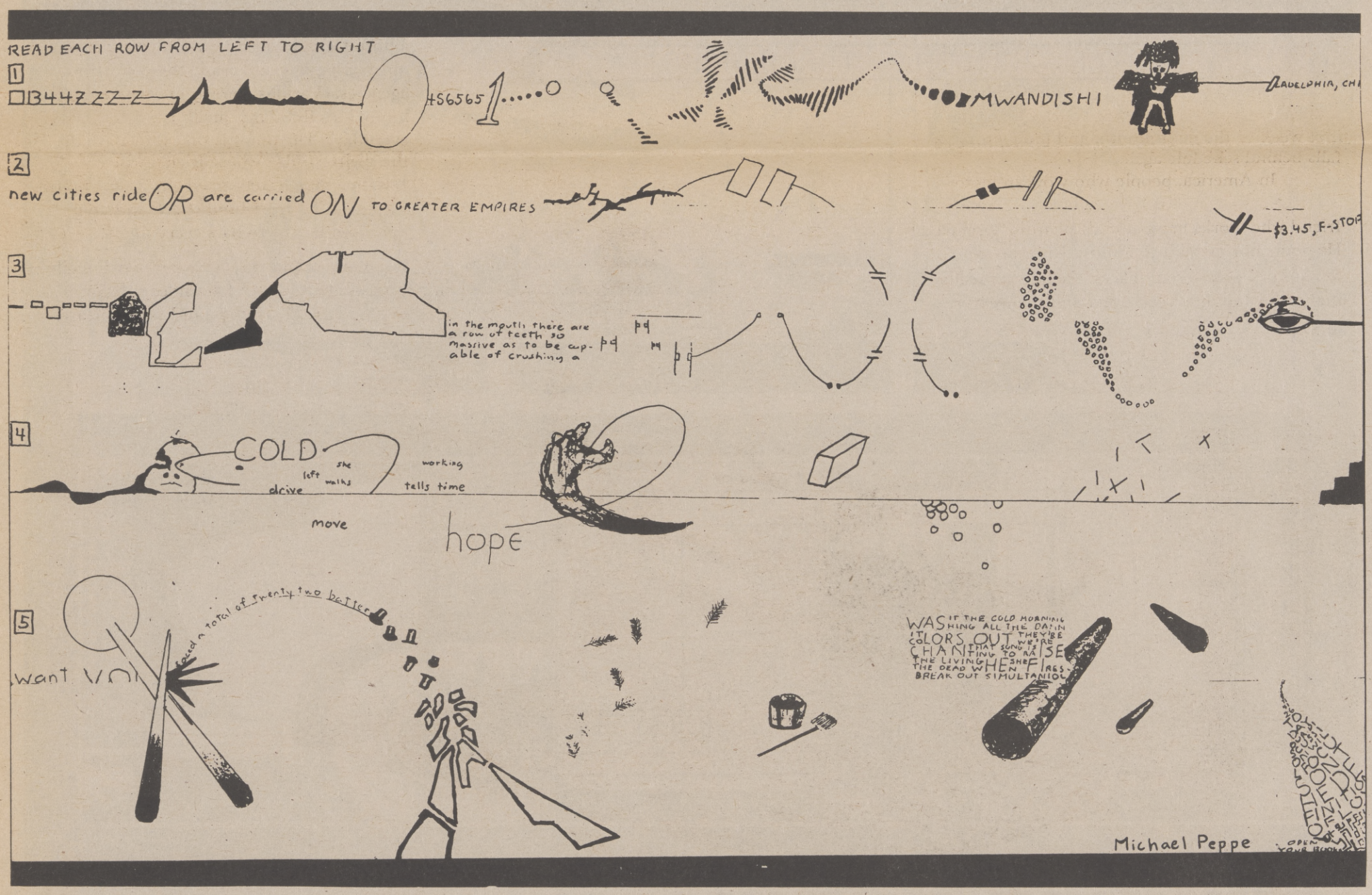
mirāmē mēremē

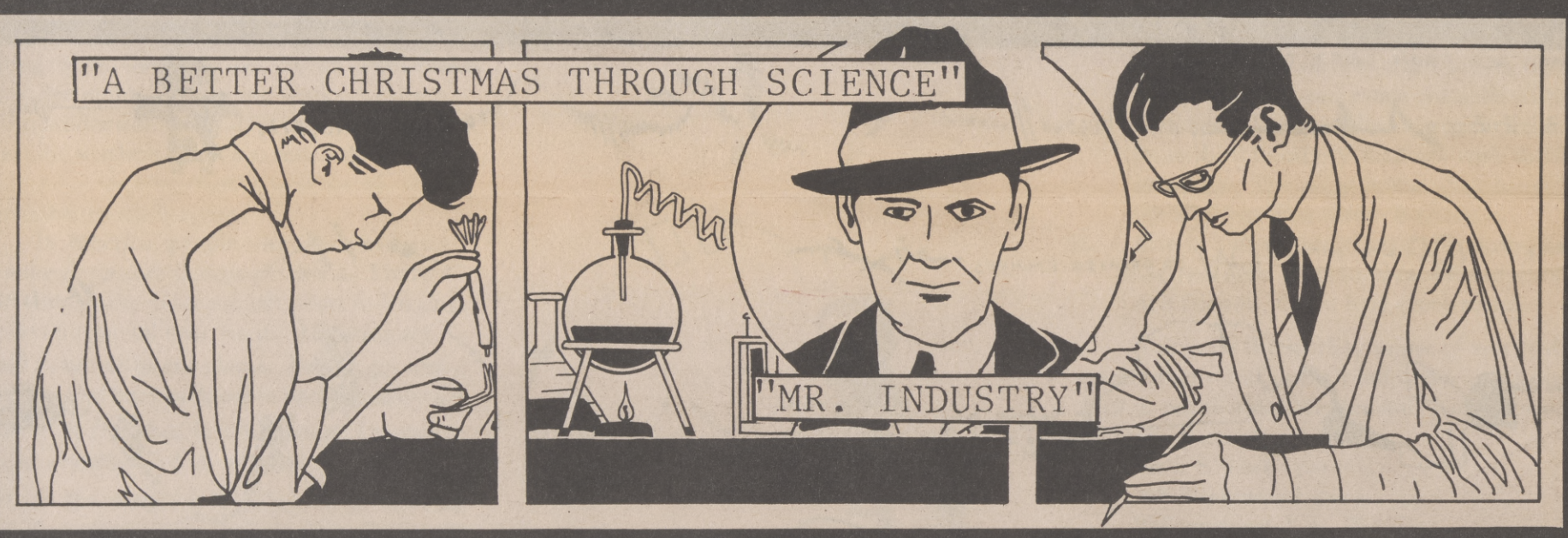
kēnō kēnōnāminenkōlnō kēnōrēminen nāmō
1 2 3 4 1 2 3 4 1
kēnōtiminenrŏskŏlnarlnŏsrŏskŏlnarlnŏsrŏssssskŏlrōssssss-
kŏlrūuuuuuuuuuuuuuuzimistēk(i)

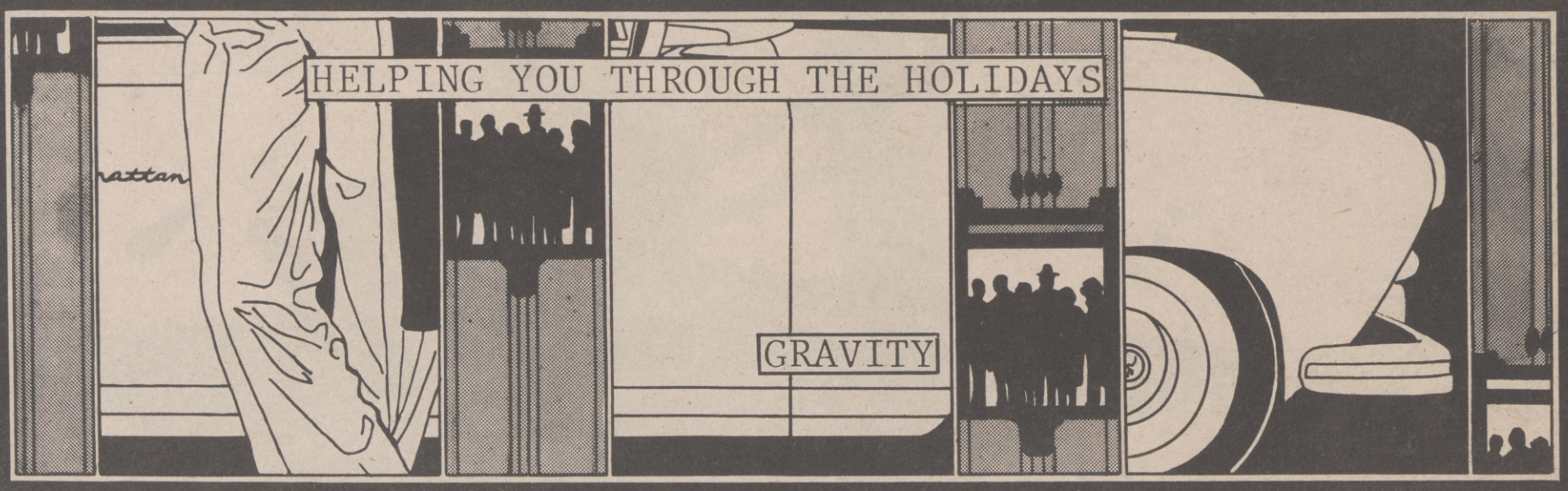
tāmē kēnōtāminen-- kēnōtiminen nām(nostralkosnos-
1 2 3 4
tostral)kēnō(kŏs)kēnōnamē(nŏs)kēnōtāminentowetonerongrentāmē- (excitement builds until *)

towetāmetoneranāmegrentōōe tōōe sēliōse? sēliōsāmē? sāmē?
* sop. m2 m3
sēlio--bowwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwww(1)
(mouth cycle silently)
izzzzzzzzzzzzzzzcooooôôôôorrrruuuuuuuuuuuuuuuzimistēk(i)(
ppp pp
lnarlnŏsrŏskŏlnarlnŏsrŏskolnarlnŏsrŏssssskŏlrŏsssssssssssss

s sssssssssss s s s)


READ EACH ROW FROM LEFT TO RIGHT
1
MWANDISHI
2
new cities ride OR are carried ON TO GREATER EMPIRES
$3.45, F-STOP
3
in the mouth there are a row of teeth so massive as to be capable of crushing a
4
COLD
she left walks
working tells time
elcive
move
hope
5
WAS IT THE COLD MORNING IT SHING ALL THE DAY IN COLORS OUT THEY'RE CHANTING TO RA THE LIVING SHE THE DEAD WHEN F BREAK OUT SIMULTANIOL
Michael Peppe





SITUATOR= MARTA HOSKINS